

To-DAY the cities of Chicago and St. Louis will elect Mayors. In Chicago the election possesses national interest because the successful candidate will be the "Worlds Fair" Mayor, Carter W. Harrison the democratic nominee, eight times Mayor of the City, is a great grandson of the brother of the great grandfather of the late President Harrison. The Republicans are contesting the election vigorously.

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IN THE PORTRAIT GALLERY. Grandfather looks from the paneled wall At grandmother hanging across the hall, In the ripened glow of her stately grase: An he says: "The world has grown askew My dear, since we were young—we two.

Nothing that was is the same to-day; Noting that was is the same to-uny; Old-time functes are cast away; All our estuples are laughed to scorn; All our customs are quite out-worn, Each is seeking for something new— We were content with the old—we two."

Into the thade of the grim old room, Steal two forms through the twilight's gloom.
Grandfather's eyes are sharp to see.
And a deep voice utters tenderly:
For aye will I love, and love but you,
And we'll follow love to the end—we two."

Grandfather's face has lost its frown, Grandfather's face has lost its frown,
And his eyes grown softer gaze cently down
On the pair who naught of his watching know,
And grandmother smiles and whispers low:
"One thing goes on as it used to do
In the days when we were young—we two."
—May Lennox, in Ladies' Home Journal.

RIDING A BUFFALO.

THE SAMPLE LINES A Traveler Escapes One Danger by Getting Into Another.

Twenty-five years ago, in the fall of 1867, I was traveling on horseback over the plains, my objective point being a small mining camp near where the city of Deadwood now stands. had been on a prospecting tour two hundred miles to the northwest, and was yet about one hundred miles from my destination, when the adventure I am about to relate occurred. It was a dreary November afternoon, and the clouds threatened a heavy fall of snow. It was about two o'clock, and I was making for an unlahabited but fif-Faultless Brand teen miles away, where I knew I could find shelter for myself and horse for

I was riding along feeling perfectly safe in that wilderness when a strange sound broke upon my ears. I was not ong in doubt, however, for on glancing back along the road I beheld about i mile away something fast approaching that looked like a black cloud moving rapidly along close to the ground From what I had heard I knew at once that I was being pursued by a half-famished pack of black wolves, and that if I could not reach the cabin myself and horse would be torn to pieces JUST RECEIVED the alarm and needed no urging to make him do his best. For a few miles the brave horse did noble work and the merciless pursuers failed to gain upon horse could not keep up the gait and

Buy while you can get on we went but soon the speed of relves were stowly closing the gap. chance of escape, and, like the drown-

My horse sank down on the roadside

use. When the wolves reached my horse they pounced upon him, as I had they were thus engaged I gained fully a mile upon them. But I knew they pack in full pursuit. Knowing that I me, I slackened my pace and gathered strength for the life-and-death contest possible while they were consuming the bodies of the dead animals. I fired rapidly at the foremost, and was lucky ough to kill four in as many shots. Then I rushed forward, and gained some and again started in pursuit. Again I fired, and killed three or four, and again ran for dear life. It was still fully four miles to the longed-for hut, and I began to feel that the contest was too unequal, and that I might as well give up the struggle first as last. The running fight was kept up for a mile or two more, when I was suddenly relieved from all danger from the wolves, but threatened by another fully as horrible. I had halted and turned for the purpose of firing another fusillade at my relentless enemies, when the whole pack suddenly stopped and stood for fully a minute in a listening attitude. From the west came a sound resembling distant thunder, and great clouds of dust were rising not far away. obscuring the western view. The wolves appeared to thoroughly understand what caused the ominous sounds and clouds of dust, for they gave one frantic howl over being deprived of their expected prey, and then darted each heart met with an answering madly accept to the porthword. madly away to the northward. At first love. Their sweet remembrances melt and the smile which flits over the face I felt as if I had been delivered by the hands of a special providence, but was not long in discovering that I was still a tender, etherealized reflection. in the greatest of peril, and had not one chance in a thousand of escaping a terrible death. That which caused the weary brain for some possible plan to river of pure cold water and drain it to seeming distant thunder and clouds of recoup himself and escape disgrace. dust was what was known in the par- His years are but a child's years, the lance of the plains as "a buffalo stam-pede." No one has ever explained and claimed their need of rest. He whatever caused a herd now and then sleeps with the grieved look about his to become suddenly frightened and in mouth that used to tell of some baby almost one solid mass rush madly sorrow and the little drops beading his away, never stopping until they were completely worn out. In those stammother used to lift away the soft hair pedes the maddened animals would to kiss. keep up a snorting and bellowing. The woman whom folly and vanity creating a scene that could be com-

or backward with the hope of getting a brief surcease. and shoulders. The front rank was Gowan, in Short Stories.

denly saw one single chance for es-cape and resolved upon making the attempt, although the odds were against me a thousand to one. Not far away there was a little mound some three or four feet high, and to this I ran and stood on top of it. The desire to live nerved me to almost superhuman ef-fort, and as the fleeing animals rushed upon me I riveted my eyes upon the shaggy shoulders of the monster bull

and made the leap for life. I landed square upon the spot I had selected on the animal's back, but would have fallen beneath his feet and been at once trampled to death had I not seized hold of the long hair of his shoulders and steadied myself until I could straddle his back. I held on to his mane for dear life, and no doubt I am the only man that ever rode or will ever ride such a race.

On, on we dashed with the speed of

the wind, and many miles were covered before the animals were exhausted. My unwilling steed attempted to shake me off, but I had no idea of being thrown after I had been so lucky in mounting him. They came to a halt about sundown on the verge of a forest, and the animal I was riding stopped under a tree the limbs of which I could reach from my position upon his back. I climbed into the tree and there I spent the night. The next morning there were no buffaloes or wolves in sight and I started toward my destination on foot. During the day I met some prospectors who were going in the same direction as myself, and the next day I reached the camp safe and well. It was Thanksgiving day, and my friends in camp had killed several wild turkeys and were having a dinner, such as they were accustomed to back in the states. I can truly say that no one ever felt more thankful than I did that I was there to enjoy a feast instead of having been torn to pieces by the wolves or trampled to death beneath the feet of five thousand panie-stricken buffaloes.-

FROZEN TO HIS SEAT. A Locomotive Fireman Who Was Scared

"It is not often that an engineer stays on his seat in the face of a collision if he has a chance to jump," said an old railroad man recently. he doesn't jump it's because he hasn't NECKWEAR by the ravenous creatures. I lost no time. I remember once when a firetime in putting spurs to my horse for a man was metaphorically frozen to his race to the death. The animal caught seat. I was on the engine at the time. See these gray hairs?" and he pushed back his hat. "I got them all in about two minutes. It happened on the Indianapolis division of the Pennsylvania us, but it soon became evident that the lines. I was in charge of the fast mail train No. 7, and Charley Mason, as good that the wolves were sure to overtake an engineer as ever took hold of a throtte, was hauling us. No. 7 is a us before we could arrive within five ing nothing else to do I climbed over to budget. was to abandon the faithful animal and lovely as a May dance until we started rush ahead on foot while the wolves down the hill. Suddenly a red light which belonged to Queen Bertha, the und makes off with dragging tall. were devouring his carcass. It was a showed up ahead of us on the track, founder of the Benedictine abby. never describe. 'We are gone, Charley,' I yelled to the engineer behind me.

> that red light.' as soon as I ceased to spur him for-"Charley saw it and started to get ward, and I dashed along on foot, see- down. I yelled at him not to do it, was noted for her zeal and industry, ing that my two pistols were ready for that we might escape death, but if we had in order to set a good example to jumped from that engine, running at her subjects she always code from one least eighty miles an hour, we would place to another togale time. anticipated, and snapped and snarled be killed sure. I shut off the steam, and fought like demons over the and, throwing on the air, began 'plug- the liritish war office recently, by which ging' her. The wheels reversed, but the yeomanry cavalry, a part of the she rode over the sand as if there was volunteer forces, is entirely reorgan would quickly be upon my trail again. me with wide-staring eyes, and 1 hon-Soon I heard the ominous sound that estly believe he was praying. Nearer, 1 next the yeomanry regiments will had first fixed my attention, and gazing | nearer we rushed to that fatal light | te organized in squadrons, as is the resback over the level plain I saw the and dashed past it. Soon we were mar cavalry instead of in troops. No loasten our steps. Now and then we stopped, and I called the fireman to go squadron will be allowed to sink to sould not keep them from overtaking back with me and ascertain what it strength below a minimum of seventy was. He could not move, and when I efficients. The regiments will pulled him from his seathe was as stiff grouped in brigades, and each brigade that was inevitable. My thea was to as a poker, and it was several seconds fire and kill two or three wolves at a before he could utter a sound. The least once every three years. The distime and then rush forward as far as poor fellow was paralyzed with fear, ciplining, training and interior econoand it was a long time before he re. my of each corps will remain under the there? A fool agent had come up the The present establishment of the Yeo- awful heat and glare of the July sun track to flag a train following us and manry cavalry consists of 10,900 officers left his red light near the rails. When and men. distance before they devoured the dead. I met him 1 never felt so much like

> > SLEEP-AN ETCHING. To.Morrow Came to Every One in the

apolis News.

The great hotel is falling into siup nearly an hour ago. The loudvoiced man crossed the hall, intermitted his talk for a time and then left off wrong. altogether; the click of the billiard Over sterile plains, over wastes of cues stopped a few moments since; sand, over miles of thicket and scrub only an occasional voice or step is and broken ground, and now the afterheard in the corridors; the little dying noon is waning. The last food was

moan and aleeps for a space, I hope. through weary ways of doubt and uncertainty to so full and sweet an understanding have separated with many whispered farewells and kisses in softly into the margin of sleep and shine back again from its misty depths,

The foolish boy who lost his all at the gaming table no longer cudgels his

counseled to listen to words she dare pared to nothing but pandemonium. not remember afterward, bending ever No living thing ever escaped being her little sleepers, has cooled her trampled into a shapeless mass that burning cheeks; thrust back the fear, happened to be in front of them. Even regret and remorse that crowd upon the wolves that followed me with such ber, and crept tremblingly beneath the logged purpose understood the danger blessed curtain of oblivion.

The morrow will awaken them all I had given myself up for lost, for I The mirth pauses, the scourge is withwas near the center line of the ap- held, the menace stayed for a moment. proaching herd, and it would have Joy rests her fluttering wings. Pain's staggering, stumbling, we press for been folly for me to have run forward sting is withdrawn and sorrow knows

out of their way. On they came, like the huge waves of an angry sea, and, although I fully appreciated the great footfalls die away down the corridor. peril I was in the scene fascinated me, So it was to-night for the baby, inand I awaited the end with calm resignate ad of to-morrow. And for the nation. In the foremost ranks was a others, not to-morrow, but next year huge bull with shaggy mane and long or another they shall fall upon that hair extending far back over his neek sleep which has no dreams.—Alice MacHighest of all in Leavening Power .- Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

-Cock fighting is legal in Scotland Seven judges at the Edinburgh high court of justiciary lately quashed a conviction on a charge of cock fighting obtained under the cruelty to animals act. The opinion was given by the judges that if parliament had meant to prohibit a sport so old, so long prac-ticed and so familiar, it would have done so in plain and unmistakable lau-

-During 1891 about 450 more person were killed by wild beasts in India than during the preceding year. The number killed in 1890, however, was very low; still the figures for 1891 are about 250 in excess of the mean. The lass fallen in. yearly average of persons killed by wild beasts in India is between 2,500 and 3,000. The mortality from snake bites is much greater, varying from 21,of Bengal, Hazaribagh, no fewer than 205 deaths were due in 1891 to a single brood of man-eating tigers.

neers, officers and others.

-A statement showing the percent-

-New regulations were issued from none on the track. Charley clung to ized, and a definite place assigned to i covered. What was the red light doing control of its own commanding officer.

murdering a man in my life."-Indian-An Abandoned Minteg. Town Left to

This is the fourth day since we reaffzed that we were lost. We have kept the Black mountains to our backs and our faces to the west. There are lence. The last of the dancers came six of us, but two are blinded and must be led along. Our guide is one of them, else we should not have gone

Over sterile plains, over wastes of baby in the next room has ceased to eaten thirty hours ago-the last few drops of water went to moisten the The two who have come at last crumbs. It is a pitiful sight to watch men who thirst. They stagger as they walk. They clutch at space with their fingers. They are dead to each saying never a word hour to hour. They other. hour seem to stare into vacancy as they walk

now and then is the laugh of an idiot. And there is a feeling of selfishness in each breast never known before-never other like wild beasts. It is the fear the last drop before the others come up. It is sand here-a soil on which never

a spear of grass will take root. It blisters our feet anew as we toll on. Sometimes the great rattlesnakes will crawl grudgingly away at sight of us, but oftener we must turn aside and make a new path. ' It is a plain of horror and desolation. Even the atmosphere above it is given over to the vulture alone. What hope have we? Why not lie down

tened on a green spot miles away. There are trees there-water, shelter perhaps people and food. To the right and left we can see green mountains. haven. Thirst had benumbed and allenged us. Our tongues were atleksour lips cracked and bleeding. Piedding ward, and as the sun is within a hand's breadth of the horizon line we find grass under our feet, trees around us valley! We stand and stare. We are dumb, but we are not mistaken. We are at the end of a long street, and it is lined with log and board and sto houses-a hundred of them. At our left bubbles up a great spring

is no haste. An hour ago we would have sold our hopes of Heaven for a gill of water. Now we have lost our thrist. It is only after we dip our hands in the cold water and moisten lips and tongue that a frenzy seizes us and we can no drink enough. The guide asks what we see around us, and when told of the streets and houses he whispers:

"It is Death Valley, and we have While the others kindle a fire to roast the rabbits so easily secured two kinsville? of us advance until we are at the begin ning of the street. On the first building there is a faded sign of "Hotel. There are no doors in the frames, no window sashes in the open-ings, and a part of the roof has fallen in. We look into the room where men once drank and cursed and shed each other's blood. A rattic anake lies in the center of the floor and 22,000 annually. In one district a lizard frisks along the moldering

We go slowly up the street, pausing to look into a doorway here and there. There is grass from side to side of the -The extent of the depression in the street now. Years ago the feet of British shipping trade just now may be horses and mules and wheels of wagons gathered from the fact that altogether out the earth to dust. Desperate men 479 vessels, representing a tonnage of rode up and down here and performed 555,000, are laid up at English and French ports. At Liverpool life steamers, representing about 100,000 tons, are lying idle, and about 150 vessels are laid up on the Tyne. In addition there the next an eating-house: the next are 99 British steamers lying idle at a hotel. Here and there a weathercontinental ports. The idleness of beaten sign still holds out, and before these vessels represents a loss in wages one of them we pause for a few minof £50,000 a month, and the loss fulls utes. It swings on rusty hinges before upon 8,000 unemployed sailors, engi- a hut which might still shelter a wayfarer and reads: "Undertaker." This man buried the dead when the city age the military and naval outlay here teemed with life. Time has buried the

ous European countries show these fig- | Here and there, as we wander on, a ures, which apply to the fiscal year door creaks on its hinges in the even-1892-93; Great Britain, 26.9; Russia, 28.7; Ing breeze. Creak, creak, creak! It is France, 27,1; Italy, 22.4; Germany, 17 8. thirty years since time buried the city, and Austria-Hungary, 17.6 per cent, and yet the doors creak on. At inter The expenditure for the interest and vals docay has left a pane of glass in its sinking fund on the public debts of ansh. It catches the rays of the setthe different countries amounted in ting sun and throws a reflection Italy to 43.8, in Austria-Hungary to on the faces of the Indians miles of the log hut.

On we went, but soon the speed of my horse began to slacken, and the you we were splitting the wind. Have but they never approach it. They be My mind was intensely busy with the problem of what was best to be done. It occurred to me that my only chance to give me room. Everything went as Lake Neubourg, possesses a unique vance, and now and then a wolf rushes vance, and now and then a wolf rushes

> We come to the end of the street at one of the best educ tion institutes of there were headboards. Nothing is Europe. This saddle, which is more now left to mark them. Each grave is There's a flat car ahead of us. See than 900 years old, is of peculiar ans sunken; into each cavity the wolf has dug with ghoulish instinct. On a dead knee in the pommel. Queen-Bertlin and te fless tree in the center of the plot sits a great owl blinking at the last rays of sunset. There are days when the vulture drops down here and walks about in search of food, but he finds nothing. It is a quarter of a century since the bones were picked clean of meat.

As the twilight comes and the shadowa fade into darkness we make our way back along the street of desolation and death. It is as silent as the grave. The silence makes us fearful, and we look back to see if we are puraged. We ing in the Stlent City as night comes down, and chills creep over us and our have seen no man dare raise his voice above a whisper. Even the men whose eyes were burned and blinded by the beating down on the sands of the desert try to look into the dankness and shiver as they crowd closer.-Chicago

The Feast of St. Burbara. The feast of St. Barbara, like that of St. Martin, is a soldiers fete in Italy. The hero'c girl, if we my believe an old story of the tenth century, was an angel of beauty and virtue, born in a for ress where her father, Dioscoro, was the governor, and also aide-de-camp to e emperor, Maximilian. St. Barbara first saw the light in Italy, in her father's beautiful villa near Scandriglia, a gift from the emperor to his general, rish with mineral waters, marvelous plants, statues, etc., where she passed the first few years of her life nd where she became a convert to the Christian religion. The beautiful girl. was hunted to death, taken prisoner, her breasts were cut off, and thus exposed to brutal soldiers, who took possession of her, fastened her to a stake, covered her with quicklime and burned her to death; and this she suffered rather than renounce the religion she had embraced. This at least is the legend, and the artillery and the engineer regiments fete her as their patron, to whom they show much respect and gratitude, especially as they have half the day free and double pay.-London

An Herole Failure. Second Club Youth-Poor fellow-First Club Y atto-Not be tried to

Ribbons Red and Blue. In the suburban restaurants of Paris more than a century ago the guests used to be amused by pretty maiden-from Savoy, dressed in their national costume, who were allowed to sell light refreshments, such as pastry, sar among themselves by the broad ribbo which they were at the shoulders; the but the Belle Panchen was known by her cordon blen. She married a restaurateur, and became subsequently most accomplished cook. The story Louis XV. baving jocularly conferre the blue ribbon of a French order chivalry on a dish which had pleased his palate is as apochry plad as the tale of Charles II. linighting a joint of beef which, by the way, should be properly anrhoin and not sirioin. - Waverley Man

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